

THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

QUARRELS.

One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is to quarrel—no matter with whom—man, woman or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it; and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians, politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel; the churches quarrel, and the states quarrel; nations, tribes, corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes and in the eyes of others; and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is: if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him no matter who he is, or how he misuses you; the wisest way is generally to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Insects generally must lead a truly jolly life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a place of ivory or pearl, with a pillar of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such perfume as never rose from human censor. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sigh of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but wash yourself in a dewdrop and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

We regret to learn that our much esteemed and aged citizen, Elisha Meredith met with a fall the other day by which he was considerably injured. We hope he may soon recover.

STRANGE.—In a waltz a fellow is allowed to hug a girl, and yet if he does the same thing when not waltzing, the maiden would "go off in fits of madness." Query: Is dancing right?

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY is a strange thing. It is nothing more or less than a stiff series of absurd and cold formalities. It has no more heart than the rock of Gibraltar. It has a hollow, unmeaning laugh. There's no sincerity in it—no soul. It consists of vain coxcombs and flirts, who meet together and chat nothing sensible, but all nonsense. Its password is "money"—if you've got that, "go in." If you haven't got money make the world think so—dress fine, even if you have to get all you buy on a credit—keep up appearances—learn a few stereotyped phrases, put on a sort of pompous air, dandle a fob chain, keep your beaver brushed clean, and "go in." With all this outside show, and learning well the set speeches of polite gossip, you will pass, even if "you are naturally a thick-brained numskull."

Now, there's not a great deal of "fashionable society" in our little town, and we are glad of it. Yet it is well enough to know what fashionable society is. We have some who possess the elements to make up a "fashionable circle" of this kind, and it is well enough to warn them how foolish the display of those elements would look in the eyes of sensible, hard-working men, with hands hardened and rough from honest, praiseworthy industry. We have the utmost disgust for that person, male or female, who prides him or herself upon being one of the "fashionables," according the manner in which all sensible people now receive that term. Instead of striving to be fashionable, to learn the little forms of speech and action in order to "show off" at our parties, &c., let them strive to learn a little common sense, and learn to respect the "brown jeans" on an equality with the "flashed broadcloth." Really, fashionable society is "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The city of Aberdeen, Miss. has voted to raise \$75,000 to be applied to the construction of the New Orleans Jackson and Great Northern Railroad.

On our fourth page will be found an article headed "The Farmers Capital" taken from the Southern Homestead, an agricultural Journal, published weekly at Nashville, Tenn. It is a good paper and costs only two dollars per annum. Every farmer in Tennessee ought to take it, because it is the only Journal in the State devoted so extensively to the agricultural interest. There are many farmers in Franklin county who take only one paper, and perhaps that paper is the Home Journal. Very good. We do insist that the Journal should be the first for it is the only paper printed in Franklin county, and it is a home organ. But two dollars is a very small tax upon any one for supporting a good paper in his midst, and no farmer ought to begrudge four dollars for a home paper and an agricultural paper. We find it impossible, at least, we believe it would be unprofitable, for us to make the Home Journal subserve the agricultural interest to that extent that the Homestead can and does do.

Now, farming is a science, and a farmer loses nothing but gains much by informing himself as far as possible in regard to his profession. Our farmers ought to be the best informed men throughout the Union. Unless they unite mental with physical culture they cannot arrive to that degree of advancement that is so desirable. It is a lamentable fact that many of our farmers are perfectly ignorant of the grand avocation they have chosen. They do not even subscribe for any agricultural journal, in order to learn about their business, but follow in the footsteps of their fathers, who, perhaps, done likewise, and so on back to the period when agriculture was a mere nonentity, comparatively speaking. And we unhesitatingly assert that there live in Franklin county, at this time, many farmers who would have been far better off, mentally and pecuniarily, had they taken, in years gone by, some good agricultural Journal or Journals. Now, we urge all farmers in this county—those who take the Home Journal—to expend \$2 for the Homestead, or some other good agricultural work. We might name the "Cotton Planter," printed at Montgomery, Ala., yet, we would most especially recommend the Homestead for reasons obvious at once to all. It comes weekly—it is devoted to agriculture, horticulture, stock raising and everything pertaining directly to a farmer's life. Try it one year, and our word for it, you will be pleased and instructed, and you will not regret having followed our advice. This praise of the Homestead is entirely unsolicited on the part of its proprietors, but because we deem the work a worthy one, and one which every farmer in Tennessee would do well to have in his family. It has a good lot of contributors in every department, and it contains a great deal of matter. Then, we say, take it, even if you do subscribe already for other papers. \$50 expended per annum for newspapers—good ones—will prove a gain in the end. Yet, strange as it may seem, there are five hundred men in this county who could, yet do not take any paper—either agricultural or literary, political or religious. Strange, but true.

There is a man in India so thin that, when the sheriff gets after him, he crawls in his rifle and looks through the touchhole.

Whatever the following lines may lack in poetical attraction, they fully make up for it in the most excellent moral they teach, and one we heartily endorse. We do not know who wrote them:

THE LION AND THE SKUNK.

I met a lion in my path,
(Twas on a dreary autumn night)
Who gave me the alternative
To either run or fight.

So, summoning a fearless air,
Though all my soul was full of fright,
I said unto the forest king,
"I will not run, but fight."

We fought, and, as the fates decreed,
I conquered in the bloody fray,
For soon the lion at my feet
A lifeless carcass lay.

A little skunk was standing by,
And noted what the lion spoke,
And when he saw the lion die,
The lion's tracks he took.

He used the lion's very speech,
For stretching to his utmost height,
He gave me the alternative—
To either run or fight.

I saw he was prepared to fling
Fresh odors from his bushy tail,
And knew those odors very soon
My nostrils would assail.

So summoning a humble air,
Though all my soul was free from fright,
I said unto the dirty skunk:
"I'll run but will not fight."

As years begin to cool my blood,
I rather all would doubt my spunk,
Than for a moment undertake
To fight a human skunk.

TEMPTATION.

THE FIRST GLASS.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.
BY PHILEY JOHNSON.

When first I made the acquaintance of Alice Bond, she was a beautiful and elegant girl—the pride of her friends, and the support of her aged mother. Seventeen summers had spread their golden blossoms around her path, and as the affianced bride of Charles Price, hope bloomed up before her, giving fond and joyous anticipations of a bright and glorious future. Their marriage had been delayed on account of the absence of Charles in the West, whither he had gone on business for his employers. Alice loved him fondly, truly, devotedly, and his absence preyed upon her spirits. But this was not her only trial; difficulties came thick and fast upon her; poverty, that stern and remorseless tyrant, seized them in his iron grasp, but still with that true heroism only found in woman, she bore up nobly against the surging waves of misfortune.

But in the wide and desolate waste over which the storm had passed, there was one bright spot. Charles still loved her—he did not turn away because she was poor, or love her the less on account of her being obliged to earn her own subsistence—no, he cherished her the more, and as soon as circumstances would permit, he was to offer his protection. They bore their trials nobly, but her mind was worn out in the strife. The excitement of her profession which was that of drawing and painting, was in itself a task which weakened her constitution. Her appetite grew uncertain, her eye and step were heavy, her task of teaching became a burden, then to her—her temper grew changeable, and her mother, becoming alarmed, called in a physician.

"Miss Alice is only nervous," so spoke the doctor, "very nervous, her system is too low, she wants bracing, you must give her a little stimulant."

Could the physician but have drawn aside the veil of futurity, he would have shrunk back with terror to have seen the effect of his advice. Professionally speaking, he might have been right, but he knew not the temperament of his patient. The warm, spicy glass of wine which she drank when she returned from her work was so pleasant to the taste, so invigorating to the frame, that the world grew brighter as she drank, and fresh strength and hope were added to her. Again she drank, and again she worked, but all unconscious that she was laying the foundation of a fearful habit. She was of that temperament, tant caused her to become the slave—not the master. The glass of wine gave her so much strength, that she flew to it in every ease of weakness. No one suspected her of this terrible propensity, no one thought that the sparkling eloquence that flowed from her lips was produced by aught but natural genius, and no one dreamed of the awful fangs that were feeding upon her brain and body.

Her exertions produced an easier state of circumstances, and fortune's gate was about opening to their view. Charles was returning, and then the day would be fixed. At last Alice received a letter from him, he would be with her on Thursday. What joy to Alice, what delight to her mother! Now her sacrifices would be rewarded, at last she would be happy. Fast flew the moments in fond anticipations—the time drew near—she would soon be by her side. She grew restless, nervous, unable to bear the long suspense, and to strengthen her system, she had recourse to that stimulant, which had so often braced her. Charles came—the expected glances of affection—but found Alice prostrate on the sofa in a state insensibility.

What a meeting was that for a loving heart. Mrs. Bond in tears, and she, his affianced, his darling Alice, steeped in liquor. He would not, could not believe the horrid truth, his noble, pure-minded Alice could not have sunk so far.

"What is this?" he cried, "Alice! Oh, what is this? Good God, Mrs. Bond!" his eye had rested on the half empty tumbler.

"Alice has not been well," was the reply; "she has over exerted herself lately, and the doctor ordered her a little stimulant, but I am afraid I have overdone the poor girl."

The loving, confiding Charles, believed the explanation. The candor of Mrs. Bond reassured him, besides,

he was so willing to be convinced, and when Alice recovered, horror struck at her appearance, and hid her tears and blushes on his shoulder, he fondly kissed the lips yet fresh from the intoxicating and contaminating draught. Tears of shame and repentance poured down her cheeks, and she felt rejoiced that Charles looked upon it as accidental. She resolved to break the habit, now that he was with her.

"Forgive me—save me, Charles, O, do not despise me," she said. "O, say you do not hate me."

"Despise you, my own love," he replied, "no, never. I will love and guard you the more."

For a time Alice did restrain herself, all the fears of her friends were dispelled, and Charles and her were married. Not a cloud lowered to cast a shadow upon them, with the exception of the objections of an uncle of Charles, but the young couple paid no heed to them. It is true that Charles was under obligations to his uncle, yet he considered that where his own happiness was involved he was the best judge of his own course.

A short time after their marriage, Mr. Morton, the uncle of whom we had spoken, came to town on business, and Charles was anxious to do him honor, and at the same time introduce his darling wife to him. He gave notice to Alice of his intentions, and she was all anxiety to please. She grew uneasy, she felt sure that something would go wrong, that Mr. Morton would find some fault. Her mind was agitated, she flew from the kitchen to the dining room, minute after minute, and long before the appointed time, was almost worried to death. A tempting bottle of brandy was on the side board, she ventured on one glass. It added new strength to her enfeebled frame, and she felt fitted for fresh exertions. She intended to touch no more, but after the first glass, she could not resist temptation. She drank again, her orders were strange and changeable; the servants saw her state, and grew impatient, and when Charles returned to dinner, accompanied by his uncle, his beautiful wife lay prostrate upon the floor, with unmistakable proofs of her fault.

Mr. Morton's lips curled with a sneer, and with a contemptuous glance, he took his departure, while the wretched husband carried his wife up stairs, flung her on the bed, white tears of sorrow rained down his cheeks.

"She is my wife—my wife," he cried, "but would to God she was in her grave! I could love her memory had she died, but now—oh! Alice, Alice!"

She heard his voice, and as his despairing accents fell upon her ear, she roused herself, and feebly staggering towards him, offered her cheek for his accustomed kiss. He pushed her from him. She gazed down upon her disordered dress, saw his swollen eyes, red with weeping, and a ray of reason darted even through the imbecility of drink.

"Charles, Charles, my dearest husband," she screamed, "my own love, tell me—am I—am I?"

"You are drunk, madam," was the stern reply.

"No, no, I am not now, that you are here. We must hurry, Charles, or else we will be too late to see your uncle. I am sober—indeed I am."

Again he forgave her, and again she sipped. The greatest pang, the greatest shame—the fear of detection was over—she was triumphant. That first glass, so innocent in itself, had magnified to such an extent, that to hope for reformation, was folly. A puny, weak, imbecile babe was born—it became very ill—not even the potent voice of nature could stem the raging torrent of drink—it died, and not even that little pallid face, peeping from the shroud, could check her career. No—all was blighted around her, she had not a hope left, she drank for oblivion.

And her husband—ah! he drank with her. Long and hopefully had he struggled against the dull, companionless life he led, he had taken the keys from her, she broke open the locks, she bribed the servants for drink, sold the furniture, and made her his disgrace a theme of public conversation. Friendless and forsaken—he too, began to drink, his affairs were neglected, he was soon ruined. They quarrelled for the demon, and even fought. Alice, the refined, elegant, beautiful, and graceful woman, fought with her husband for drink, and often bore traces of his violence. Her beauty vanished, her face grew bloated and red, her voice cracked, her person neglected. At last in one of their contests for the fire-brand drink, Charles struck her violently, and she fell bleeding at his feet. The sight

sobered him, and his cries alarmed the neighbors. A crowd of screaming women soon filled the room, while he sat in helpless imbecility.

"Poor woman," said one, "her troubles are now over."

"And God knows," chimed in another, she had plenty of them."

"See what you have done, you drunken wretch," cried a third, "but you shall hang for it."

This threat, uttered as it was, in a shrill tone, recalled him to his senses, a razor lay before him, its shining edge tempted him, one plunge, and all was over. A heavy fall disturbed the crowd around Alice—her husband lay dead—a suicide.

She was slowly recovering her consciousness, when the exclamations of those around her, called her attention to the dreadful scene before her.

"Charles," she shrieked "my husband dead?—dead? I am unforgotten—he was angry with me—tell him but to say one word. O, God, I have been his curse through life—I will be his curse in the other world."

Reader, Alice is now the inmate of an insane asylum; she was warned by her fate, and if you would preserve yourself pure from stain, free from the tempter, never, never, allow yourself to be persuaded to touch the First Glass.

GOODBYE, GIRLS.
A bloomy lass of sweet sixteen,
First round my admiration,
With looks so mild, I thought that she
Loved me, like all creation;
My foolish heart at last found words,
Its tale of love to tell her,
And listened when she fondly swore
She loved—some other fellow!

My second was more lovely far
Than all the girls around her,
With mules and niggers, stocks and lands,
And money too—confound her—
I loved her with a cunning tongue,
And taught she asked refused her,
But when she begged me to "excuse,"
I like a fool, "excused" her.

The next had charming, golden curls
Around her shoulders floating,
With lip and eye and voice so sweet
I scarce could keep from courting;
So mild, so gentle too was she—
So little touched with evil,
But when I made my motive known
She proved a perfect—coquette!

I tried again, with like results
The lower and the higher,
Each beauty seemed to dote on me
Until I came to try her;
So here's a toast to one and all
The female population;
I'll keep my pictures, books and rings,
And quit the occupation.

In what ship have the greatest number
Of men been wrecked?—Courtship.

What kind of a doctor would a duck
make? A quack doctor.

Santa Anna's wife has left him, and
is now the "reigning belle" of Havana.

No single women are allowed in
Japan. Every man is allowed one
legal wife, and as many second wives
as his means will permit him to support.

The surest way to lose your health
is to be all the time drinking the health
of other folks.

"Love in a cottage" is all very well,
when you own the cottage, and have
lots of money out at interest.

It has been decided lately, in the
Rolls Court, London that the word
"children" in a will, includes grand-
children.

We discover great beauty in those
who are not beautiful, if they possess
genuine truthfulness, simplicity and
sincerity.

I'll see you through, as the eye said
to the needle.

Oh, would I ne'er had met thee, as
the boy said when the bull tossed him
over the fence.

One heart is enough for me, as the
dog said to the butcher.

Sorrowful.—A poor editor, out
somewhere, falling into the hands of
the Philistines, breaks forth in the
following gizzard-moving appeal:

Sheriff, spare that press!
Touch not a single type;
Don't put me in distress,
To stick to me thro' life.

'Tis all in all to me,
Ifest what shall I do?
Then why not let it be,
Oh, Sheriff! boot heel boot!

The man that "hath no music in
his soul" should use a pair of boots
that squeak.

The Salem Gazette, says the follow-
ing notice may be seen at a black-
smith's shop in Essex:
"No horses shod on Sunday 'cept
the Sick and Dying."

Humboldt has reduced it almost to
a demonstration, that the streams of
a country fall in proportion to the de-
struction of its timber.

TO.—
We never to each other
Can be what we have been;
And I must hide my feelings 'neath
False apathy's cold screen;
But with me ever lingers
A memory of the past,
And o'er my sad futurity
Its lengthening shade is cast.

Affections have been squandered,
Once hoarded all for thee,
And now I feel how priceless is
A heart's true constancy.
And oft, in silent bitterness,
I wander forth alone,
And ponder on the joyous hours
When I was thine alone.

I loved thee till I knew
That thou hadst loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me!

What care I for the glance of soft affec-
tion full,
If for another once it beam'd as beautiful?
That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store—
It was a spell 'gainst cure
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize;
My ringlet I renounce.
'Tis worthless in my eyes,
I envy not the smiles in which a score may
bask—
I value not the gift which all may have
who ask.

DOMESTIC YEAST.—Ladies who are
in the habit (and a most laudable and
comfortable habit it is, and which we
hope many of the lady subscribers to
the Journal practice) of making domestic
bread, cake, &c., are informed that they
can easily manufacture their own
yeast by attending to the following
directions:

"Boil one pound of good flower, a
quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and
a little salt, in two gallons of water,
for one hour. When milk warm, bot-
tle it, and cork it close. It will be fit
for use in twenty-four hours. One
pint of this yeast will make 18 pounds
of bread."

Gardening for the ladies.—Make up
your beds early in the morning; sew
buttons on your husband's shirts! do
not rake up any grievances; protect
the young and tender branches of your
family; plant a smile of good temper
on your face; carefully root out all an-
gry feelings, and expect a good crop
of happiness.—Exchange.

Suppose a lady has no husband
whose shirts will she then sew buttons
on?

To cure a pain in the breast—procure
a well made calico or delaine
dress, with an equally well constructed
woman inside of it and press closely
to the part affected. Repeat the
application till the pain ceases. Said
to be a kill or cure receipt.

A lady friend of ours says she has
tried the above experiment and yet
received no benefit. We advised her
to procure a blue coat with brass but-
tons, such as some of our young men
wear, and press closely as above stat-
ed. She did so and was healed of
her pain—for a little while.

BE SHORT.—Long sermons, long
speeches, long essays, long talks, long
sittings where you have nothing to do,
long hills, long accounts, long stories,
long yarns, and long harassing arti-
cles for the paper are dreaded and
therefore, if possible, avoided by sev-
erenths of the people of a commu-
nity. The first time you bore them
with one of these lengthy commodities
it will be your fault, but the next time
it will be theirs. The fast age cannot
spare time for much delay. Onward,
onward is the word.

The Home Journal has been almost
unavoidably "behind time" for several
weeks, but we are now nearly up and
will strain to be out at the regular
time hereafter. Besides, we shall
have more time to devote to its editor-
ial management.

DOG FIGHT.
"Oh, pa, I've just seen one of the
worst dog fights as was ever seen or
heard tell of in the world."

"Well, Simon, my boy, how was it?"

"Why, father, there was one great
big black dog, with white ears and a
brass collar, and one little black and
green dog, what hadn't no man with
him, and as—"

"Come, come, Simon, don't talk so
fast; you get everything mixed up;
stop and get breath a moment, and not
blow so like a porpoise."

"Well, I want to tell you how one
dog with white ears got one side of
the meeting-house with the yaller dog
—no, no, I mean one meeting-house
with the yaller green ears, got on one
side of the dog, and the other he—no
—no, the white and yaller ear, he give
a yelp, at the meeting-house, and the
dog—oh, dad, I've give all out—
there warn't no dog at all."

When you are whistling in a print-
ing office, and they say "louder" don't
you do it.

REPLY TO A SCOOPER.—To a young in-
fidel who was scoffing at Christianity,
because of the misconduct of "its" pro-
fessors, the late Mr. Mason said:
"Did you ever know an uproar to be
made because an infidel went astray
from the paths of morality?" The in-
fidel admitted that he had not. "Then
don't you see," said Dr. M., "that by
expecting the professors of Christiani-
ty to be holy, you admit it to be holy
religion, and thus pay it the highest
compliment in your power." The
young man was silent.

OUR SHOES.—It has been ascertained
that the quantity required for the con-
sumption of the United States is not
far from 75,000,000 pairs per annum.
Of these 12,000,000 pairs are made in
Massachusetts, which may be called
the principal shoe shop of the Union;
and one-half of that shop is the little
town of Lynn, if we are to judge from
the proportion of work it turns out.
Massachusetts values her work, says
the Economist, at \$40,000,000, and
employs 45,000 men and 32,826 wo-
men. Philadelphia is a very respect-
able branch establishment, turning
out \$4,000 worth of work yearly. The
annual value of our boot and shoe
making is put down at not less than
\$80,000,000. We are a well shod peo-
ple.

A gentleman once boasted that he
had drunk two, three, or four bottles
of wine every day for fifty years, and
was as hearty as ever. "Pray," re-
marked a bystander, "where are your
boon companions?" "Ah!" said he,
"that's another affair; if the truth
may be told, I have buried three en-
tire generations of them."

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?
Who guarded you in health and com-
forted you when ill? Who hung over
your little bed when you were fretful,
and put the cooling draught to your
parched lips? Who taught you how
to pray, and gently helped you to tread?
Who has borne with your faults, and
been kind and patient in your child-
ish ways? Who loves you still, and
who contrives and works and prays
for you every day you live? It is your
mother, your own dear mother! Now
let me ask you, "Are you kind to your
mother?"

TO.—
Oh! had thy destiny and mine been one—
Had only we as kindred spirits met—
I had not wandered thus (in vain alone)
Nor known the ceaseless anguish of
regret;
This broken, useless harp had then been
strung,
And waked, inspired by love, to ecstasy;
Nor had I lived in vain nor idly sung
These wild, discordant strains to thee.

If thou hadst known the fervor of my
dream,
How lasting would the deep impression
prove;
Thou then hadst pardoned all that mode
no seem
So much unworthy of thy precious love.
Yes, hadst thou looked into my soul and
seen
The worthless thoughts, the sighs im-
prisoned there,
The part that has been thine then had
not been,
To turn all that love to 'dispair.

I know my faults were many; but this
heart
Was thine, with strength to conquer
every ill;
Thou couldst have made its follies all
depart,
And all its wishes moulded to thy will.
This lonely hour I then had passed with
thee
In mutual love, that smiles at cares
and pains;
And in this breast all had been harmony,
Where discord, ceaseless discord reigned

Georgia.—By proclamation, the
Governor of Georgia has notified the
State Treasurer that the bills of the
following banks of that State—the
Bank of the State of Georgia, the Cher-
okee Insurance and Banking Co., at
Dalton, the Marine Bank of Georgia
at Savannah, the Bank of Columbus,
the Bank of Middle Georgia at Ma-
con, the Bank of the Empire State at
Rome, the Planters' and Mechanics' Bank
at Dalton, the Exchange Bank
of the State of Georgia at Griffin, and
the Mechanics' Bank at Augusta—
will not be received in payment of
debts due the State.

A paper out West has for its motto,
Good will to all men who pay promp-
tly. Devoted to news, fun, and mak-
ing money.

London was first lighted by gas in
1807, and New York in 1823. At
this time there are about two hundred
gas companies in the U. S., and the
number is being rapidly increased.

FASHIONABLE DRESS.—An Ohio editor
asks: "What can be more captiva-
ting than to see a beautiful woman,
say about four feet eleven inches high
and eleven feet four inches in diameter
and 34 feet in circumference, passing
along the aisle, just as divine worship
commences?"